

**Hy. Dunnlets.****Leaves From the Rose Bower.**

"You know I'm a hard workin' man," said Hy Dunn across the casino table the other evening, "but occasionally I force myself from my desk to enjoy an evening at Mr. Pyper's gilded hall.

"Well, I give a stall party the other evenin', and me an' my guest goes up and stalls awhile before the curtain goes up. But we quit immediately when that Grace Van Stattering comes on. Well, sir, after she'd been singing a few minutes, I was sore at myself for going to the show. I'll tell you why. I knowed I wasn't going to have no rest. You know I'm awful impressionable, and it was a cinch I couldn't go to sleep for two or three hours, which the same worried me, I needin' the rest.

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First she come out in that purple ridin' costume, and it made me pretty mad to think about that guy goin' to the Crusades and leavin' that behind. Then she began to sing; oh, the best I ever tasted. I'll bet even that sick guy out at the Holy Cross who heard her every time she took off the soft pedal, fergave her. I'll tell you just how good she made with me—I bought a package of "nails" and smoked two. I got that noivous.

"In the next act when she showed with those green curtains I was just crazy to make a quick trip to that country. And when she sang to that girl Amida, who was giving the Elk grip to the village adder, I was all in. Then in the last act that ice cream make-up caught me again, and unconscious tears of sympathy for the guy who had to buy the clothes sprang to my eyes.

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"I was in a fever when I left the playhouse, and took a long ride on the front of one of our exhilarating 'Dear Old Summertime' cars. Then I came back to Main street, walked to Ensign peak and back, gave a small personal banquet at Johnson's, went to the Rose Bower and retired.

"When I goes in I sez to John, you should have seen the queen at the playhouse, her face, her figer, her voice, her—

"Come out of it," he yawned, and I progressed to the next boudoir.

"Chet," I sez, "you should have seen the vision; she was a regelar—"

"Then he interrupted me. You know after going to sleep, Chet is most unkind if I wake him, and on this occasion he said: 'Get to hell out of here.' Now you know I have feelin's as well as any one, and I wouldn't have him rude fer anything.

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"Them fellars ain't got no romance in their souls anyway. They don't pay no more attention to local beauty than they do to actresses. Fer instance, I was telling them one night about a swell heiress who proposed to me, and do you know it, they wouldn't believe it. They're all the time handin' something. I asked them that in case we should stand in front of Hogle's and a lady come by, should we take our hats off. They said that they should, but I shouldn't. Now, what do you suppose they meant. I guess it's up to me to get under the sink with the rest of the pipes. T.

**The Journey to Desire.**

By Mrs. W. Russell.

They were bound for the hill top called Desire—a woman and a man.

They had been told that it was good to be there. They believed that it must be. They believed it because they had seen so many going thither with faces rapture-filled. Down in the valley where they hailed from, the Valley of Placid Content, they had often gazed up longingly at Desire—but not until now had they dared to see it for themselves—the woman and the man. So it was that the man left his work and the woman hers and set out forthwith together.

"What a steep hill, when one once begins to climb," said the man, who was already regretting his choice, but was afraid to retreat.

"Yes, very steep and rocky, but worth all the trouble when we get there," replied his companion, brightly.

"And you think it must be as pictured," continued the man, contemplatively, as a sudden

wave or regret swept over him. "You think it will pay us for all we are leaving?"

"Surely, surely," the woman replied, as she Eve-like nestled closer to him—tempting him on. "I, too, have left much in the Valley of Placid Content. There's home and husband and children—good name. I have given up more than have you, for I can never return to these things—whereas you"—

"True, true," replied the man, softly, "and yet you do not regret."

And so, by degrees, the climb was made and the hill top, Desire, met their view.

Wearied, worn with the ascent, which at no time had been smooth, they sank upon the yielding grass, the woman and the man. They gazed, too, down upon the Valley they had left, the Valley of Placid Content, but they could not see it clearly through the mist of Error that everywhere surrounded them.

The woman was the first to speak. She did not speak, however, just at first. She cried softly, sadly—as only a woman can cry.

"I am sorry," she said, "so sorry. Desire is not what I dreamed it was. It is cruel to be so deceived; it is heart rending; it is death!"

But the man did not hear her plaintive moans, for he had left the woman, retraced his steps and was making great headway toward the valley he had left—the Valley of Placid Content.—St. Louis Mirror.

**Mistletoe Days.**

Are coming, and the Stickney Cigar Company, is going to assist the ladies in purchasing presents for their husbands. There's nothing nicer than a box of cigars if you buy the right cigar, and nothing worse if you don't. You can feel at ease in buying of the Stickney people, for the goods can be exchanged if you choose the wrong brand.

**Reversed.**

"A horse ran away with my brother, and he hasn't been out of doors for three weeks."

"That's nothing; my brother ran away with a horse, and he hasn't been out of doors for three years."—Baltimore American.

**WALKER'S STORE.****The Yearly Sale of Women's Slippers.**

A splendid searching of a splendid stock has swelled this sale, in point of numbers and variety, away beyond any of previous years. These pricings begin Monday, Nov. 24, last all week:

- Patent leather two-strap slippers with extreme Louis XV. heels, very handsome, \$5.00 slippers for \$3.85.
- Plain kid two-strap slippers with Louis XV. heels reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.85.
- Patent leather slippers with open work lacings and steel beading embroidery, \$5.00 regular, for \$4.20.
- Gray suede kid slippers with bow or buckle, most fashionable for evening, reduced from \$5.00 to \$3.65.
- Patent leather slippers with bow or buckle, \$4.00 regular for \$2.95.
- Fur trimmed velvet slippers for house or boudoir, gray, red, black, purple and green colors, \$2.00 and \$2.25 regular, for \$1.70.
- Plain kid slippers with low heels and one strap, instead of \$1.75—\$1.45.
- Patent leather, two-strap slippers that sell for \$2.50, now \$2.20.
- Plain kid slippers with beading and open work, \$3.00 grade for \$2.45.

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